As a tongazine serial, it could not concentrate attention, but it will now surely be met with the wave of expectation and in terest if not of enthusiasm, which any new writing of the author of "The Manxman." "The Bondman" and "The Deemster" is bound to evoke. But these considerations cannot give it permanency. This is no creation by reflection. Only inherency can do that, and only by its own polency will it remain.

Mr. Cuine's new work is a romance of erary life, presenting a problem of individual fatalism and personal destina non worked out through a social and religious study. It is a long story, though constraines ne volume. Itisinfourparts, and though the chapters are untitled, the larger di risions are named, sequentially. The Outer World, The Religious Life, The Devil's Acre. and Sanctuary.

The Christian is John Storm, the son of a pobleman, a Manxman. He is a young man of tremendous potentiality. He gives up the honors which the world holds out him, he renounces his father, and his heritage, and he sacrifices himself to a future celibacy, because of his great love nkind, his belief in the necessity of present social regeneration, his pity for the impotency of Woman's position and his desire to Work out the salutary design of Providence by living the life he would preach, in poverty and denial.

He has grown to manhood beside the companion of his boyhood, a Manx girl Slory Quayle. She has caught fire from its zeal and accompanies him to London where their work shall be done, she to scome a nurse, each believing that they go in answer to a Divine call.

Each goes to his sphere of action. John's uncle, the prime minister, believing that his nephew seeks the church. like so many others, for the career it offers, has him installed as one of the curates of the most fashionable and wealthiest church es of the establishment. Glory goes to he hospital. In these grooves the marae ters begin their freiting, for they are not congenial. John's ideal staggers at the hyperisy of fashionable religion. He has a great heart and it aches for the poor, he has a great soul and it reflects to him the sess and sin of those near to him and he has a great will and he date speak from the pulpit of the gilded tab ernacle the plain, neglected truth of min, life and God.

The sequel is inevitable. He leaves, Blory, ten, leaves the hospital. She begins o learn berself. The leaven of great, moving, pervous London is working in her simple Manx nature. She feels she has adstakes her vocation. Her impelicous spirit caunot brook restraint. She defres er environment. She files to the mirage goes into the world. John feels that, subservient to his crea-

a perhaps collateral with it, is his duty to look out for Glory. But his un awerving righteousness is irksome to her. She unconsciously withdraws herself further and further from him. Finally he feels that her impetuoity has placed her beyond nim. The disappointment is terrible. He mistakes it for the failure of his work. It came coupled with the blow of the hopelessness of regeneration in the social altitudes of the church. He fites to the other extreme. He despairs of the possibility of action, he throws himself on th possibility of penance, and prayer. He joins a brotherhood of Anglican monks. cones the most humble and peniten Hal of the order. At that time Glory Wrote home: "A jackdaw isn't to be called a re licious hard because it keeps a-cawing on a steeple, and John Storm Won't make himself into a monk by shutting himself up in a cell.

Giory was right. The seclusion of the mountery gave him time for thought leaves it. He tells his uncle, because "I had come to see that the estem was based on a faulty ideal of Christianity. The theory of monasticism is that Christ died to redeen curnal nature, and all we have to do is to believe and pray. But it isn't enough that Christ died once. He must be dying niways every day-in every one of us. Ced is calling us * * to apply Chris tianity to the life of our own time. And that is what he told himself.

But the real reason was that he still beved in his mission of protection over Glory. And he loved that missing. When tances brought to his cell the knowledge that Gory and left the he pital, he felt a call to go and find her and protect her. When he came out he saw everywhere, or every wall, in every window, in all the papers, the name Gloria But John did not know it was his Giory Through long vicissitudes she had achieve greatness, she was a great actress. He sought her in valu, for her pairons kept her well guarded. In this he saw her prentest danger. Again he was moved by one of those overwhelming tempests of his great will, and he vowed his consecration to the salvation of woman.

les cinbs for girls. It was the irony of face that just as his cause began to grow his temple was sold over his head id to a syndicate to build a theater; a theater for a great actress; the actress was Gloria Quayle. But Glory was not a party to it. Light-hearted, light-headed swept in the tide of life light, she did not realize the line of the shore or the under

Join Storm was now a public character With publicity came criticism. It took form in the mouths of men; the ignorant wrote it in had spelling on the walls of nileys, the witty wrote it in type. She went to John's chapel. She heard him preach his arraignment of a his pity and lope for women. She was moved, and went to the sacristy to face Before they parted that night at her door, whither he had led her, she told bim, and he had repeated it out of his own heart, what both had known always. but had made the terrible mistake of never telling they loved each other

But their ways were far apart and each had planned his course. This knowledge came to Giory after the first delicion moments for she realized that John wa the stronger, and union with him means to go to him, that meant to give up all had acquired. She was not strong enough for that. She proposed to him a trinity of impossible necessities. With weakness to his established standards, but wonderful martyrdom to self, he acquiesced in all But still Glory could not make the sacrifice.

These blows rained beavily on John's heart, but he withstoodthem and gathered strength. To him the inevitable was now the extreme He preached publicly his most searching doctrines. He was branded a fanatic by some; some subscribed him a He was more a power than he thought. The ignorant took him literally, and when he told them judgment was at hand they sold their belongings and prepared to meet the Judge. Persecution followed. Storm was declared a public memore. His erstwhile followers fell upon him and their blows killed him

That was not all of the end. In the days before, Glory went again to John's chapel, ted one was not there, and she saw a scene of riot and desecration of the

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Chris | buly man and his holy place. John's last tian," is now unified in one volume | burnification was his trigraph, though he did not then know it at first. Glory's great fundamental, natural strength was roused at last. She went home, and, like a second Romola gave up her brilliant life nt Inst and its emoluments. John Storm was on his deathbed; she would take up his great work of mercy to woman. She knew now that it was inspired of her. To make com-plete her act of devotion to his cause and of love to him, she stood by his bed in his st nour and with his hand in hers, took his name for bers to carry it a standard in he cause which was both of theirs. John closed his eyes in peace. His mission was a success. Glory was saved-

In this necessarily disjointed and impeaching transcription of the frend of the story there will yet be recognized the greatness of the motive, and the greatss with which the author has handled it. The Christian" is a great story. It is great in its simplicity, in its marvelous breadth, its deep knowledge of the under lying forces of human nature, its truthful dication of the present social weakness and evils. It is tenacious in its interest and it is powerful in its emotional effect. Its not is the slow of the entlined that breaties out of the pages into the reader. John and Glory are wonderfully limned

characters. They are absolutely human; cach is in the leading strings of suppressed but inevitable love; each battles with the destiny which is placed in his heart; but impulse contradicts; yet each is truthful to the unvarying needle of the human com-pass. John had a mission; so did Glory. She relinquishes hers for awhile; he mis-took his and struck upon wrong lines. God had placed in his heart the love of Glory Quayle that he might save her That was John Storm's mission The care and salvation of one woman is a great mission His youth, energy and impulse focused his eye beyond her. He saw her, but he saw a crowd of appealing women; he saw a votid cading to him. But blow after blow rained upon him, and he fell a martyr that the might rise a saint. Glory Is the figure of the union of the

carnal and spiritual which is in all of us-which was in John Storm. In him the spiritual was dominant, and he sought. to kill the camal. Glory gave way to the carnal in life. She was superficial. She loved what she saw. Her sight was the radius of self. But there was planted in her heart the love of John, and her salvation by it. To claim it meant a terrible sacrifice. She made it in the end, but John's life had belped her; it had saved

"The Christian" is full of story interest, moving facinating and intensely dramatic It is charged also with ethical value, for it teaches great issues. It teaches the instrutible plan of Providence for our sivation, and how diverging courses leato this end. It tenches that men are what duen make them. It is a phillipic agains: the false Christianity of the Anglican Essent, the selfish, timid basic principle of toonasticism; the social scandal o vgamous bachelorhood; the dangers of anaticism the shallowness of wordly glory the evils of lower social life; but it glows with the triumph of the Christian who seek to work out life as he conceives it; in spite of impediments; in spite of failure; in spite of everything, with only an eye for duty as presented by his own con-

Mr. Caine has written "The Christian" with a chaste and beautiful style. The characters will follow the reader out o the pages into his heart and life. He has illuminated if with much skilled characteri carion, some deft humor and a dramatic directness which lends it its next reason of power after its sincerity and loftiness of purpose. If his world-wide public does of subscribe individually to theories and criticisms be would seem to make, perhaps we had best remember that after all, though its inherent subflety, power and magnificence seem to controvert it, it is only a story. And this the author nake us, over his ewn name, to do.

In a note at the end of the story he disclaims personal intent in any line or char acter. He says: "It will be seen that in writing this book I have sometimes a iie diaries, letters, setmons and speeches of many respectable persons, living and dead. Also, it will be seen that I have often employed fact for the purpose of fiction. In doing so I think I am true to the principles of art, and I know I am following the precedents of great writers. But being conscious of the grievous danger

D. Appleton & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop).

A bit of gossip in connection with Mr. Caine and his new story will amuse those who have not read the book, as well as those who have. It tells how he came to name his hem and heroine. When he visited America on his Canadian copyright mission the plot was in his mind, but he had not named the two principal characters nor written a single chapter.

When he was at the country home of his American publisher, Mr. W. W. Appleton, in Massachosetts, he called at President Cleveland's cottage. Outside the gates of Gray Gables there was one of those pa thetic little churchyards by the roadsid which are common in New England, and he went into it for the express purpose of looking for the purpose of looking for a name for the hero of hisnew book. On one of the headstones was the name, "Storm." which he remembered having once seen it a churchyard on the top of the cliffs in Whitley, Yorkshire Instantly John Story was adopted as a characteristic name for the hero of his emotional drama. Not long afterward Mr. Caine went to

Canada, passing through Ottawa and To tonto, and passing at Hamilton to atten-a public reception to which he had beer invited by the mayor of the city. As he was leaving the hotel to go to this recep tion a brusque, stalwart young man opened the door of the carriage and closed it again Something led Mr. Caine to asi him what was his name. "John Storm," was the immediate reply, in an unconpromising voice. The coincidence was a remarkable one, and the author, who had succeeded in naming the child of his magination only a few days previously had the weird sensation of hav-ing caucht a glimpse of him in the fiesh.

The beroine's name also has a New England stamp. Driving with friends one day from Buzzard's Bay to Plymouth, he strolled through the cemetery on the top of the tell above the town and read the names of the Mayflower company and their descendants inscribed on the tombstones He wanted a Puritan name for his ac but he found nothing that suited his fancy. A few minutes after he had left the ceme tery he chanced to see the word "Glory" printed on a stone wall. It suited the character and the Manx surname which he had already selected, so that Glory Quayle, like John Storm, may equally claim New Englandorigin. A faithful scraig book credits these interesting facts to the New York Tribune.

Mary E. Wilkins' latest novel, "Jerome: A run in Harper's Bazar, and Was last week issued in permanent book form. The list of Miss Wilkins' books is growing in spite of the considerate interval which she permits to clapse between each presentation There are now eight books to her credit. The fact that the story appeared in the

Sazar, which is a magazine for the ge minine, somehow suggests the idea that it is intended for or appeals particularly to women. This impression is quickly dissiputed in the reading. Though the romance tempered with the delicate and gentle quality of Womanly refinement in some of its phases, it is, in entirety and accently so in its dominant features, musculos nd heroic, in a negative and stoic way Miss Wilkins is true to her lares and senates, or, to borrow the familiar metsphor from our friend the cobbler, she sticks to her last. New England is her stamping ground, and there she stamps. "Jetome" is a story of people of New England of the second quarter of this century, we should gather from the fllus-

trations, but in all else it might be an

exposition of the ways and thoughts and

fe of people of today. The tenacity of pride in a poor man is her theme. Jerome Edwards is the son, the only son, of poor and shiftless New England parents, but there is a rod of pride from heel to tonsure in the mother, and she transmits it to her boy. He has vain fear of anyone getting the better of him in giving or taking, not in selfish ness or generosity, but in the horror of possible charity underneath. This weakness which is a steel fiber in his character goes with him through life. It is the gist of the story, and it is set out withadmirable

art by Miss Wilkins. The story is seldom digressive. It is vivacious in action and is shorn of amplified description. The author employs incident for exemplification, and each straw is cane of the direction of the winds of cha acter. The plot sinks beneath this to a place of secondary importance. The reader follows the path of the proud, un swerving, albeit occasionally parrow, Ierome, conscious only of the figure before them and those among whom he is passing

In temperament the tale is optimistic et glows with an ash-covered furnace of love, which sends forth its flames in spite of the misdirecting voice of pride, and the quality of humor sparkles all through. Of the humorous passages of the story of giving personal offense, I would wish none is more amusing or generically charto say that I have not intended to paint acteristic than the funeral gotten up by



of any known society or to indicate the management of any particular institu-

"To do any of these things would be to wrong the theory of fiction as I understand at, which is not to offer mock history or a substitute for fact, but to present a thought in the form of a story, with as much real-ism as the requirements of idealism will permit. In presenting the thought which is the motive of 'The Christian,' my de sire has been to depict, however imper fectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture; of social effort and religious purpose, which I think I see in the life of England and America at the lose of the nineteenth century. For such a task my own observation and reflection could not be enough, and I am conscious that in many passages of this took I have been often merely as the mold through which the metal has passed from the fires kept burning round about " (New York:

anyl-sty's portrait, or to describe the life | Jerome's mother when his father disap peared and they believed him dead. There was no corpse and no coffin, but the woman would have the funeral, the service, the mouraers, the gathering, the mourning and all, partly in humble trib ute to the memory of the unfound, but partly in submission to the insurmountable inborn pride, which made her answer to the neighbors' protestations against the foolish proposition. "Why can't I have a, funeral?" She had it, and the description of the strange event is one of the best things in the story.

"Jerome" is an admirable story, and it will bring new admirers and firmer friends to Miss Wilkins. She has written it with sweet naturalness; sometimes with severe truth, but always with the logic of human nature and human consistency on her pen's tip. It is rich in present excellence, but it is rich also in the promise of more and from the fires perhaps even better work from Miss Wil (New York: kins, for its relation to her other stories

denotes the aul hor's art is crescent and in be ascendant

The same censor who attacked the grammatical integrity; of "Madelon" has doubtless awaited zealously for "Jerome, and has read with an eye open only for lapses. He will not have to chronicle his disappointment is entire silence, for he will point out that the first sentence in the book is an enigma of ambiguity, which only solves itself to second thought. sentence reads: !'One morning early in May, when the wind was cold and the sun hot, and Jerome about twelve years old, he was in a favorite lurking place of

his, which nobody but himself knew."

The flustrations deserve more than a

picturesque style and dry humor are known to all renders of the New York Journal, as well as to those who knew him before the Journal lived. The particular thing which strikes one in a cursory giance over this remarkable collection of stories is the ab-sence of profanity. Most writers on far Western affairs appear to think that ad-jurations in English, Spanish, and Indian are absolutely necessary to give realism to their style, but almost the only bad language in this book is the expression whole lot." which is only grammatically not ethically, bad, and which occurs about as often as Chimmie Fadden's classic in quiry of "wot t'ell!" The Old Cattlema who tells these tales wishes to give an idea



word. They are by A. I. Kellar and they have the trink" of virtues that they reproduct admirably the spirit of the people they depict, they are exquisite exnumples of filustrative art, and they are plenteous. (New York: Harper, & Brother, Washington: Brentano.)

The name of Edward James Dunning is one hitherto unknown to literature, but from the present publication of ms "Genesia of Shaktspeare" it requires little of the prophetic spirit in the reader to say that will stand beneeforth high among Shakespearian scholars and commentators

Until thirteen years ago Mr. Dunning as a practicing dentist in New York city. Owing to excessive devotion to his business his general health was paired and severe inflammation of the eyes set in, and finally the light went out But he was brave and courageous: "The world in which he and been so active and successful faded from him into dark ness," writes his editor, "but he straight way discovered a new world of blindless thought and imagination, wherein for him telf he made a pernument habitation and tome. In addition to retaining all his social enjoyments, for which he had ever o keen zest, he began to commit to memor. the masterpieces of his favorite authors seon baying in his full possession a ture and rich store of the best literature, which lay before him like a pleasing landscape, in whose green pastures and beside whose still waters be could wander at his own sweet will. He had already men arge portions of many of the plays of Shakespeare when his nitention was called to the sonnets. In these he soon became deepty interested, memorizing the most striking ones here and there. Speedily this general interest in the sonnets settled into a specific lead, for he began to discern a unity of thought, stringing every somest one unbroken thread of Wonderful significance."

The result of these thirteen years of Shakespeare." It is in all respects a remarkab'e book. The originality of his con-ception the integrity of his philosophy, the a tenderly equence of his logic and the lucidity of the testimony which he wrings from Shakes peare's lines stamp a veracity upon his claim and scholarship upon his method which will astonish the too-often invaded fold of Shakespearian scholars and establish him among there as a new and bright light.

This much only has been patent and ac-epted of all readers of the 154 somets of the bard of Avon, that they were addressed to a nameless youth, whose identity has heretofore remained an enterna unanywered Who was he? Why were the sonnets written? Were they autobiographical? Were they desultory literary gems linked in no chain?

For these questions Edwin James Duning now comes with an answer. The import of his effort is in proportion to the immense significance of the questions. His readers will be astonished at the eloquent and adequate answer which he makes. It involves a long theory, too long for reproduction here, condensed only within a larger volume, but he evolves it with scholarly lucidity and an emphasis and directness which carry half the argument of his correctness

His answer to the question of the identity of the youth of the sonnets is that he is a purely imaginative character. standing in the same relation to Shakespeare as did Bratrice to Dante, 'the inspiration of his genius and the soul of his poetic life." His answer to the question of why they were written is that and the group of poems of which they ar the center, he desired to give a portrait and history of this ideal youth, by whom and through whom he had entered into his own new and beautiful life. The answer which his theory brings to the question of autobiography is that they are truly autobiographical, but not in the ord ense-being a record of the inward rather than the outward experience of the

The author of this theory believes that he has in his explanation wholly refleved the character of these wonderful poems of the revolting suggestion that they are the story of Shakespeare's folly and shame for he affords very strong proof that they are. Instead, the life of the poet with his ideal—"an attempt to express his as-piration to become the world's great poet, not for fame alone, but more for service."

There have been two other Shakespearean scholars, as pointed out by Mr Dunning, who have advanced theories akin to his own Both of them published their the ries in 1861. D. Barnstorf, in his "Key to the Sonnets," holds that the person addressed is Shakespeare's "genlus" He repudiates the claim that the or might have been a living person, E. A. Hitchcock, in his Remarks on the Sonnets," maintains that the sonnets belong to what he calls bermetic writings He says: "We expect to show that love, as used in Shakespeare's sonnets, had not a mortal being for its object, but an irrepresentable spirit of beauty, the true

A gorgeous book to look at is "Wolfville which comes to us from the pen of Alfred Henry Lewis. The cover is brilliant orange. the illustrations are Remington's, the dedi-cation is to William R. Hearst, and the lan-

guage is forceful and epigrammatic. It is a book of Arizona tales in dialect. that, between two countries, where the schools of practice and ratio of progress is Mr. Lewis is familiar with Arizona life. having spent years in the wildest and terial descrepancy in a like proposition woolliest part of the Southwest; and his regular to our general population

of his spiritual condition as compared with that of a youthful parson. He says:

"This yere gent's too narrow: his head is bailt too much the shape of a quail trap He may do to chase jack-rabbits and sech, but he's a size too small for game like me Save souls, says you! Why, if that onp'lite person was to meet a soul like mine con op the trail, he'd shorely omit what to do entire he'd be that stampeded. He'd be ome hard to locate, I takes it, after e meets up with a soul like mine a whole The same old gentleman on another occa-

sion explains the reason why he is 'allers wifeless a whole lot." The danger which pended over a Wolfville gentleman delicately expressed by a friend, thu 'I'm powerful afraid he'd spoiled Chero kee a whole lot," And when this sam Cherokee, who is a sort of Jack Hamilia 'u a sombrero, gets out of a stage coach in which he is being tumbled over by two children ("which is about as refreshin' to Cherakee as bein' burned at the stake, ays the Old Cattleman), and fights a crowd of Indians, and is thanked by the mother of the infants, he rays, quite calmly:

When I makes the play you names. dmply seizes on them savages that a-way as an excuse to get loose from them blesse

children of yourn a whole lot."

The especial feature of this book is thor oughly American. It is the mixing of slang, dialect and what might be called store taik, as distinguished from the live speech of the border. Texas Thompson apologizes for being "a heap petulant," and another Wolfville gentleman explains that "a party who's goin' to shine in Arizona as a racon toor has done got to cultivate a direct, incisive tiyle." Mr. Lewis has a direct, incisive style

and he surely ought to shine in Arizona or anywhere else, as a "racentoor There are so many sparkling bits of fun in the book that one might quote and quote, and never make an end of quoting; but one which is inimitably study is the proposition of his "Genesis of gish is a character sketch of a mule. The a tenderfoot essays to travel in compan, with the mule the owner and friend of the mule holds forth briefly and to the point

'Don't go near him, colonel, an' particular don't go crowdin' 'round to get no r'ar view of him. You all has no idee of the radius of that mule-what you might call his sweep You never will till he's kicked you once or twice, and the information ain't worthno sech price. So I don't reckon I'd fool with him, none whatever,

"And, speshul, colonel, don't lay nothin 'round loose where this yere Jerry mulcan grab it. I'm the last freighter on to plains to re slanderin' and detractin' of a pore, helpiess mule onless it's straight; but if you all takes to leavin' keepsakes an' mementos layin' about casual an' care es that away, Jerry'li eat 'em, and the first you saveys your keepsakes is within Jerry's interior, and thar you be.

"The fact is, stranger, this Jerry mule's a thief. If he's a human Jerry would be lynched But otherwise he's a sincere, earr est mule, so I torgives him bein' a thief an' allows it's a peccadillo "

In spite of this candid explanation Jerry one day saunters down by the riversidwhere the colonel was taking a swim, and he and the colonel "get their destintemixed " The colonel's faise teeth are filed away in Jerry. ere about Jerry, but no roon

There is more about Jerry, here in which to tell the tale, Other epics deal with the adventures of Cherokee Hall, from the time he entered Wolfville to the end of the book; the va ried specimens of womankind which the town had the good or ill-fortune to know two or three brushes with Indian tribes and many illustrations of the quaint no tions of boner which prevail in a land where honor is homemade. The spirit which breaches through this dialect and these adventures is that of Forty-nine grown to the stature of Ninety-seven. It could have grown nowbere else but in America. possesses the stoicism of the Indian, the grim tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon, the hot blood of the Spaniard, and the humorhumor plust be indigenous. It is only like Bret Harte in dealing with similar types The trentment is new. Bret Harte never had Remington as an

illustrator, either. Remington is pecultarly at home here, and his ranchmen and miners and fato dealers are as good as his bronches and cavalry horses, which is saying all that can be said for any soit of drawing. The book is one to be enjoyed in small loses at a time, like whisky straight. It is too concentrated to be read eigh at a sitting. Every touch tells in the work of Remington, and every phrase counts in the work of Lewis. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

A little book of laudable ambition comes from the pen of Frances Fisher Wood and is called "Infancy and Childhood." It is a book for mothers and the heads of families, and careful consideration of the information therein, gathered from the best scientific sources and de-technicalized source of artistic births." (Boston: Lee & for the general reader will go far in ef-Shepard. Washington: Brentano.) is the prevention of disease among infants

is is said that in England 125,000 p. ons succumb every year to preventable diseases American figures are not presented, but there is no reason to believe proportionately the same, there is has

Experts say that diseases take such a hold on the constitution by the time a child is grown to fifteen that they are not preventatie Only in conception, birth, inyear are means efficacions to preserve the integrity of the constitution. That is the reason that a mother's influence is so in portant. That, too, is the reason of the importance and value which attaches to Mrs. Wood's "Infancy and Childhood."

The information imparted therein is not ted to make the mother independent of the physician, but rather to lead her to appreciate the fact that only the sounde medical advice, supplementing her most intelligent and carnest efforts can dininish the amount of illness prevalent in her family. The slight knowledge she will gain in this little book will not make her independent of the scientific skill of cian; but it is necessary merely that she may be able to co-operate with him, and produce the derired immunity

The recital of the table of contents will give a comprehensive notion of the con tents o: the book: Preventable disc The Young Babe, Regularity in Feeding System in Sleeping, Rational Bress, Enges-tive Disorders, Sense Development, Ra-tional Feeding, Sterilized Milk, From Infancy to Childhood, Normal Obliquities Value of Milk as Food, Contagious Dis eases, Variation of Rules, The Nursery, To word Self-consciousness, and The Nursers Maid. (New York: Harper & Bro. Was ington: Brentano.)

Chauncey Depew once came home from England and told how an Englishman came to him the day after a banquet at which he had spoken and told him he had just seen the point to one of his jests. must have come to you on a freight train," replied the American, but that only plunged the Briton in another sea of doubt. Fer haps this man is in America. A friend o the editor of the Critic entered the Turkish cafe of the Waldorf the other evening, and being struck by the abundance of pottepalms on every side, remarked to his panion that Mr. Potter Palmer should feel very much as home there. His companion only answer was, "Why?"

Marion Hill must be credited with un earthing a good thing in literary curiosity and the Critic thanked for its reproduction Expatiating upon the fallacy of longe writing fairy tales for young people, Mario Hill remarks that the clear mind of your is now too severely utilitarian, and to age alone belongs the dreaming of dreams the seeing of visions and the love of the marvelous. There is given the reproduction of the Narcissus myth, after a class level-beaued children has passed it through the crucible of their scientific practice The tale was given to them in about

this shape:

"Once a youth named Narcissus was out unting with his friends. He became separated from them, and, while wandering about looking for them, became to a beauti fol fountain. Kneeling down beside th water, he saw his own image reflected in the clear stream, and fell in love with t. Day and night he knelt there, begging the image to come out and be his dear com But the face only smiled please mgly at him, and of course never answere so poor Narcissus pined away and at last died. His friends found only his dead boy They were broken-hearted with grief They went away to prepare his funeral pyre, but when they returned, the body was nowhere to be seen, and in its place was a sweet little flower which the samed after him, and which we call nar issue to this very day."

Their version is given without commen-The skeptical reader is assured that the nguage and ideas are wholly their own othing has been touched up for literary effect, and no alteration has been made except in the case of some weirdly phonetic ography. The word "imaginationery was kept on account of its seeming t somes a flavor of telerant forgiveness not to be found in its cognate terms Imaginative" and "imaginary."

"Once upon a time in Greece there lived a man ramed Narcissus, who was very kind and who was a hunter. I chink he mule, expining the Old Cattleman, is bad | had short, light hair. A peculiar thing He is a deptomaniac. When about him was that he never wore a hatnor shees and stockings, and when he went out he would wear a sheet over h houlder. One day in this far-off land in the East, Narcissus was out bunting with his companiens, when he lost sight of them and saw a fountain flashing beneath ; sunbeam. He most have wanted a drink for he knelt down and looked in. There he saw his own image, but he thought it was a beautiful fairy sprite who lived in the water. I don't think Narcissus evewashed binnelf very much, or he would have seen his face in the water before He was a kind hearted man, and always in love, so day after day, and night after night, he stayed beside the clear brook wondering and thinking, but never losing sight of the fairy, as he thought it was He said to it, 'You have the lovelies' face of anyone I ever laid eyes on. Won't you please come with me? I will surely give you my jewels, and everything else I have. "And the face only smiled at him. He

stayed there forgetting about his meals and sleep and at last hedied of bunger. Theider of this story is a sort of sad idea. I thin it is an imaginationery story and not true in some things. Narcissus spoke to the image like a foolosh baby, and I think the man who wrote the story made up a lot of it. When the friends of Narcissas four him there dead, they were fill with sorrow and they wentaway to get some wood, for n those days when a man died his friends buried him in a wood pile. When they came back they found that Narcissus was going and to their sutprised eyes there was flower growing in the place. So they called the flower Narcissus, and to this tery day it blooms once a year and is sweet and beautiful. It does not last very long and has a sweet smell to it. I don't think Narcissus was very old."

Mrs. Stowe's Homestead.

Everyone will be surprised to learn that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe died almost penniless, and that her homesread is now offered for sale. This statement, by Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, herself a famous writer, is made public in a letter that will appear tomorrow. The twin daughters of the distinguished writer and philanthro pist are in actual need.

It has been proposed that a monushould be creeted to the memory of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; but it is not a quetion of monuments; it is a question of bread and butter for her children. The daughters of Mis. Stowe have themselves made no appeal for aid. They are ignorant of the fact that others are making such an appeal in their behalf.

On the same block on which stands the home in which lived for so many years Mrs Harriet Receier Stowe stands also the home of Mark Twaia. On its roof there have also fallen the shadows of evil fortune, but life and will and vigor still remain with him, and it is hoped that kindly humor's smiles may yet banish the frowns that dark en its deserted threshold.- Pittsburg Dispatch.

Two Sides of It.

From whom do we get our current impressions of the extravagance of wom-

From the men From whom do we get our Impression the extravagance of the men?

From nobody. That is why we are familiar with the tory of female extravagance. If the wo en had had a chance to tell of the extravagance of the men it would be another story -New York World

AN ANCIENT'S ADVICE.

The man who fails to take a vacation ses an injustice to himself, his family,

This may seem a little strong language, coming from one whose hair is silvered with the frosts of many winters in a hardware store, and whose feet, if not in the grave, are standing upon the edges thereof. But it is out of this old age, and the experiences which it has gained for him, that! feel justified in making as strong a statement as that contained in the above.

When I was a boy, those in the metcan-tile class did not know what a set vacation was. When I served as a cierk we opened the store at 7 o'clock in the morning and kept it open until 9 o'clock at night. 365 days of the year, with the exception of Sandays, and the old man for whom I worked would have run her right open all day Sunday, if the community had approved of such procedure, and and come to buy. When a town was filled with strangers and merrymakers, on the Fourth of July and other days of jubilee, we boys were kept back of the counter from morning until night, and a request for the closing of the store on such occawould have been almost e lent to handing in our resignation. I be-lieve we did shut up on Christmas Day, but not on Thanksgiving of New Year.
If one of the boys wished a day off, once

or twice a year, for some special occasion, such as a picnic, or the burint of a grandmother, he could sometimes obtain t, provided he atood high in the graces of the old man. The person who had been filled with a sufficient amount of hardigood and desperate courage to have sugrested two weeks' vacation to each of tre employes during the summer months, would have been looked upon as a spend-thrift, or one in whose head more wheels had been generated than were necessary or the proper origination and propuls of his ide

I have three clerks in my store, in adlition to a young lady book tesper and steographer, and I wish to tell you merchants that I would regard it as a piece of al-mighty poor business policy, if I did not give each one of these a full two weeks' acation each year.

In the first place I see that they earn it during the remaining forty-eight weeks. In the second place, I get more good value out of them in the course of the year than I could if their noses were kept at the grandstone during the whole period. In the third place, no man has a right normally, religiously, evanomically religiously, economically or patriotically, o cheat a fellow-being out of that which is his natural due, and I believe that in the economy of this universe, God as much intended that the hardware clerk should have a period of bountiful rest in the country, among the trees and flowers, and the thousand and one attractions that a man neets when a way from brick and mortar, as He intended that the flowers and the trees and the birds and the running breaks and good fishing, should be waitered promisnously through this broad land of our with an invitation to man to go forth and mjoy them.

Iniwaystakes wo weeks' vacation mysels, and am the better man because of it-Sometimes my family go with me, and sometimes I go alone but in either case I come home invigorated, and with a tetter opinion of things in general, a warnier side toward humanity, a more comprehensive grasp of my business, with more kindness and love toward my immediate associates a fuller and broader comprehension and understanding of my duties as an employer father, a citizen, a Christian and a Dan--Hardware

The New Jerusalem,

Dr. Theodor Herzl, the leader of the Zionistic movement among the liebrews, recently was interviewed by a carrespondent of the Pail Mall Gazette at Vienna. After explaining the purposes of the con-ference to be held in Hasle on August 29, We shall first send an exploring expe-

dition, equipped with all the modern seurces of science, which will thoroughly overhant the land from one end to the other, before it is colonized, and establish telephonic and telegraphic communication with the base as they advance. methods of colonization will not do here. It was in Paris three years ago that I first bit on the idea. I had no hopes then of ever realizing it, but our ornamization s now established throughout the world. The plan is simple enough. We must obtain the covereignty-our never-to-be forgotten, historical home. At the head of the

novement will be two great and powerful

agents - the Society of Jews and the Jewsh Company . The first named will be a political organization and spread the Jewish-propaganda. The latter will be a limited company, under English laws, having its headquarters in London, and a capital of, say, a milliard of marks. Its task will be to discharge all the financial obligations of the retiring lews and regulate the economic con in the new country. At first we shall send only unskilled labor—that is, the very poorest, who will make the land a rable. will lay out streets, build bridges and railreads, regulate rivers and lay down telegraphs according to plans prepared at headquarters. Their work will bring trade, their trade the market and the markets will cause new settlers to flock to the country. Every one will go their voluntaray at his or her own risk, but ever under the watch ful eye and protection of the organiza-

"I think we shall find Palestine at our disposal sconer than we expected. Last year I went to Constantinople, and had two long conference with the Grand Vinler, to whom I printed out that the key to the preservation of Turkey lay in the sale tion of the Jewish question Sultan has taken no unfavorable view of my proposals is proved by his having decorated in It is to confer over this point that a congress has been arranged for at Pasic on a upust 29. I am told that among the Bulgarian Jews there is a belief that on hal date a Memiab will arise; but whatever may happen, there is no doubt that that ongress will be the redeemer of the Jews. The immediate result of the Zionistic move ment bus occa to unite the most antagonistic Jewish elements and to bring into actual life a new school of Jewish literature "

In It on All Fours.

Authors have to listen to many dubiis compliments as well as to those which are wholly agreeable. Not long ago as effusive young woman was sented next a man who had recently published his first book, which had received many favorable citieisus. A dioner was in progress, and at the first opportunity the young woman turned to her neighbor, saying:

"Oh. I am so glad to see you! To think that I can really talk to an author! I think it is so wonderful that you should have written 'The Hawk's Nest,' "

"Waat I mean," she went on hastily

orrecting herself, "is that it is wonderful to think you could have written anything! The author's face probably showed some signs of his mental attitude in regard to this statement, for the young woman once more attempted to make her feelings clear "Of course, you understand," she said, with an uncertain smile and an anxious

note in her voice, "that I mean it always scens perfectly wonderful to me that any body can write anything, no marter how poor is is, that is, you know, even if it isn tvery good; though of course in this Here she abandoned the field, and with

rimson thecks turned to answer an op portune question from the neighbor on her ther side, who happily occupied her attention during the rest of the meal, and left the arthor free to ponder on this, his latest compliment -Youth's Companion